

MAGAZINE  
ME  
ENTERPRISES  
INC.

10¢

# TIM HOLT

as RED MASK!

No. 26



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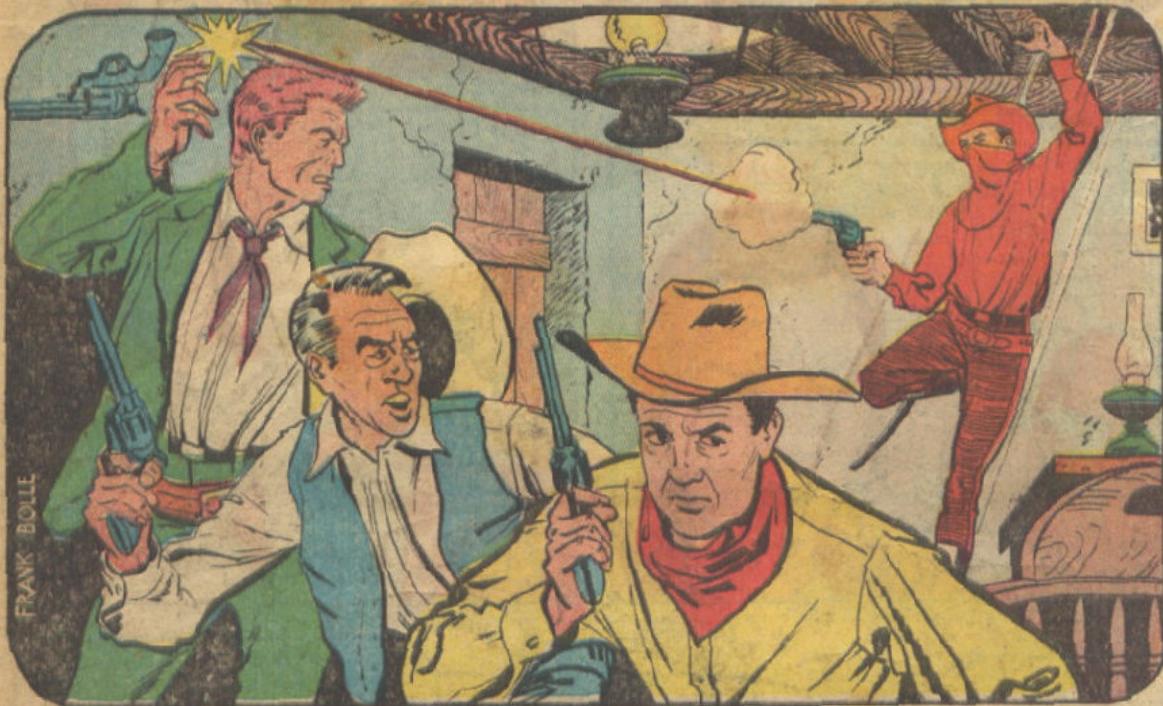


TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

THIS IS THE TALE OF A SHIRT—  
AN EVIL SHIRT THAT BUTTONED  
UP CRIME AND GUNPLAY! AND  
WHEN **TIM HOLT** GOT INVOLVED,  
HE FORTUNATELY HAD SOME-  
THING UP HIS OWN SLEEVE—  
THE DISGUISE OF THE FABULOUS  
**REDMASK**—WHICH ENABLED  
HIM TO PUT THE COLLAR ON

"THE  
RED RIVERS GANG"



THE FIRST NEWS OF THE COMING OF THE OUT-LAW'S INTO THE APACHE ARROYO COUNTRY NORTH OF BULLET BURSTS WITH THE SHOCK OF GUNFIRE!



HE'LL LIVE — AND SO WILL YOU IF YOU PLAY IT SMART!  
WHERE'S THE GOLD?

IN THE BAGGAGE CAR!



# TIM HOLT

WE GOT THE GOLD. NOW WE'LL HOLE UP IN A FARMER'S HOUSE BACK IN THE HILLS. I GOT A FRIEND IN TOWN WHO'S GOIN' TO TIP US OFF TO SOME GOOD JOBS AROUND THESE PARTS...!



AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH, SOME DAYS AFTER THE TRAIN ROBBERY...

TELEGRAM FROM PHOENIX...RED RIVER'S OUT-LAW BUNCH IS AROUND BULLET - I'M TO CONTACT FEDERAL MARSHAL, B. JORDAN, IN TOWN...



IN BULLET, SOME HOURS LATER, AS CHITO RIDES INTO TOWN WITH TIM...

WHEEE! EES PRETTY GIRL! NEW AROUND HERE! I HAVE NEVER SEEING HER BEFORE!



AND SO...

YOU'VE ALREADY BOUGHT SIX SUITS, FIFTEEN SHIRTS, FORTY TIES!

EES NOTHING! SHOW ME SOME MORE!



IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE LITTLE STORE...

YOU FOOL! THAT GIRL SOLD HIM THE SHIRT!

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU IN TODAY! I HAD IT READY TO SEND. WE MUST GET IT BACK!



I'LL GET IT BACK, ALL RIGHT. THAT HOMBRE WILL NEVER GET HOME ALIVE TODAY!

GOOD! REMEMBER - I'LL HIDE THE REST OF THOSE CODE MESSAGES I SEND YOU IN THE STITCHING OF THE SHIRT, IN THE FORK OF THE OAK TREE IN STORM CANYON.



# TIM HOLT

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, AS CHITO CANTERS HOMeward...

HERE HE COMES!  
FIRE!

I HAVE NEVER SEEING  
SUCH A GIRL—  
Yiiiii!

COME ON,  
BOYS! HE  
AIN'T GOT NO  
SMOKEPOLE.  
THIS'LL BE  
EASY!



THEN—A COLT BELCHES FROM THE TRAIL! A GRIM FIGURE ON A BIG GOLDEN STALLION HURTLES FORWARD...!

GOOD THING I CAME FAST ALONG THE TRAIL TO CATCH UP TO CHITO!

Yiiiii! Yiiiii!

MAMMA MIA!  
MY RIFLE, SHE'S  
EEB MY RIFLE  
SHEATH! I AM  
HAVING NO GUN  
TO SHOOT  
WEETH!



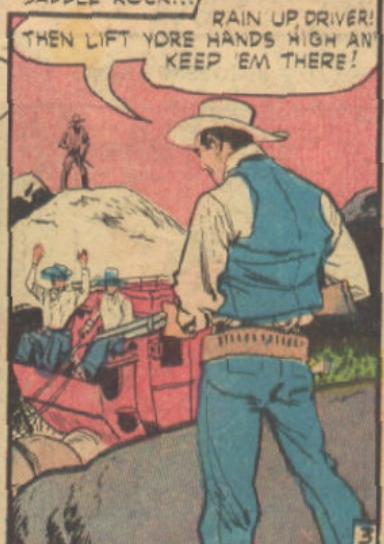
THEY RUN, LIKE THE RATS THEY ARE! THEY'LL SHOOT AN UNARMED MAN—BUT WON'T STAND UP AND FIGHT! NOW, WHY IN THUNDER WERE THEY TRYING TO KILL CHITO?

CAREFULLY, TIM SPREADS OUT CHITO'S PURCHASES. AFTER AN HOUR OF HUNTING, HE FINDS WHAT HE SEEKS.

LOOK AT THE STITCHING ON THIS SHIRT! IT'S IN SOME CODE—NO! IT'S NAVAJO PICTURE WRITING... IT SAYS... SILVER CITY... STAGECOACH... TOMORROW... AT NOON!

NEXT DAY AS THE SILVER CITY STAGE ROUNDS A CORNER OF SADDLE ROCK...

RAIN UP, DRIVER!  
THEN LIFT YORE HANDS HIGH AN'  
KEEP 'EM THERE!



# TIM HOLT

AND THEN, FROM THE ROCKY HEIGHTS ABOVE...

WE HAVE THEM WHERE WE WANT THEM, CHITO! KEEP 'EM BUSY! THE SHERIFF WITH A POSSE IS RIDING TO CATCH THEM IN A TRAP!



A TRAP! WE'VE RUN INTO A TRAP!

MIGHTAIL IT OUT OF HERE!



SHERIFF GAGE OF BULLET GALLOPS PAST THE STAGE WITH HIS POSSE HOT ON HIS HEELS...

THEY WON'T GET FAR, BOYS! WE GOT 'EM IN OUR SIGHTS!



BUT—SOME HOURS LATER, IN BULLET...

THEY GOT CLEAN AWAY, BY RIDING IN A MOUNTAIN STREAM! RECKON ABOUT ALL I'M GOOD FOR IS TO FIX THE JAIL ROOF LIKE I BEEN DOING LATELY!

IT'S A TOUGH BREAK. I WON'T GET ANOTHER STITCHED SHIRT IN MY HANDS AGAIN!



WAIT! THERE MAY BE A WAY OF GETTING MYSELF ANOTHER OF THOSE CODED SHIRTS—BY PAYING A VISIT TO THAT CLOTHING STORE AFTER HOURS! BECAUSE IT'S A CINCH THAT SOMEBODY IN THAT STORE IS TIPPING OFF THAT RED RIVERS BUNCH TO EASY JOBS....!

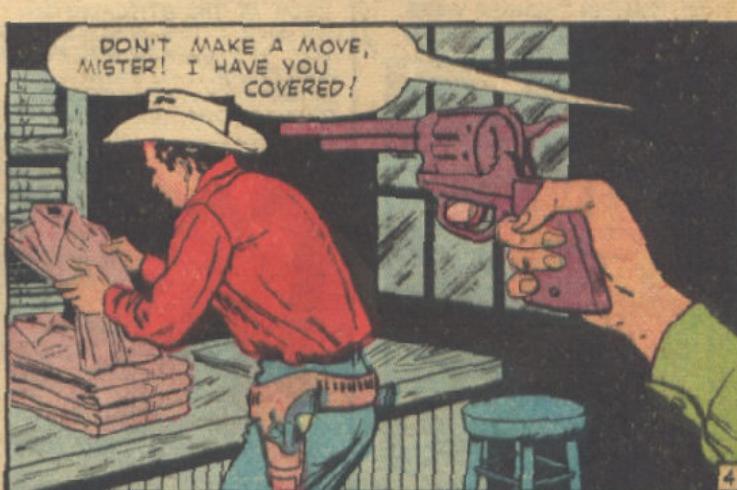


AS THE KEROSENE LAMPS COME ON IN BULLET...

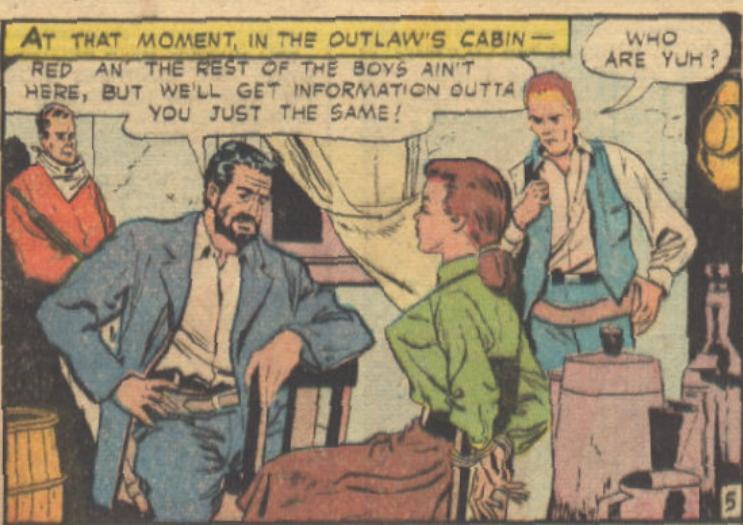
THIS MASTER KEY WILL DO THE TRICK, NOW TO HUNT AROUND FOR A SHIRT...



DON'T MAKE A MOVE, MISTER! I HAVE YOU COVERED!



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

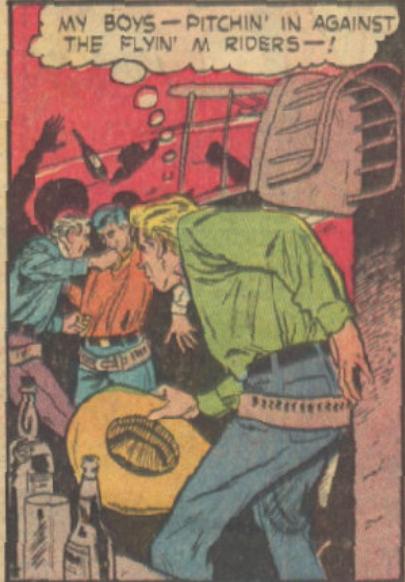
# TIM HOLT

BUCKY O'HARA ALWAYS RAN FROM A FIGHT. FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO THE MISSOURI, HE TURNED HIS BACK ON FIST-FIGHT AND GUN-BATTLE, AND FLED LIKE A COWARD. AND THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN BUCKY'S BACK WAS TO THE WALL. IT WAS FIGHT OR GO TO JAIL — WHEN TIM HOLT STEPPED FORWARD TO OFFER BUCKY THE SOLUTION TO HIS TROUBLES AT THE END OF HIS —

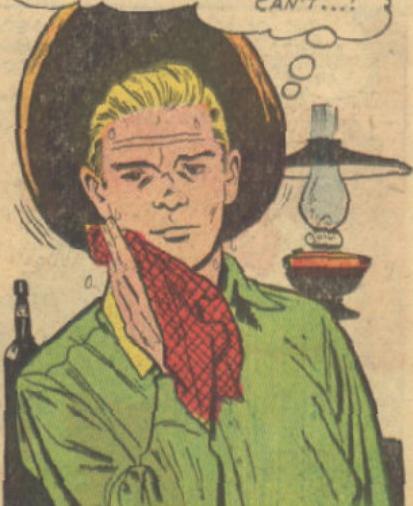
## "FLIGHT FROM A FIGHT"



IN A TRAILTOWN SALOON, SOMEWHERE WEST OF WICHITA —

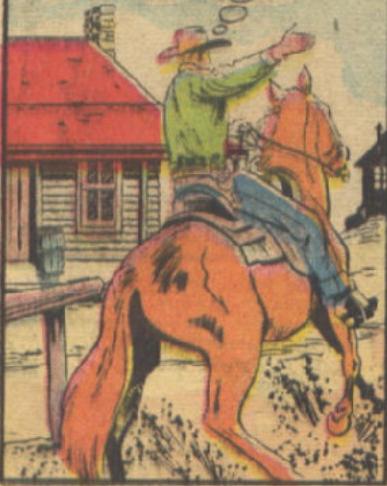


I WRASSLE BRONCS FOR THE PITCHFORK SPREAD — BUT I DASSN'T PITCH IN AN' FIGHT WITH MY BUDDIES! I JUST CAN'T...!



# TIM HOLT

GOT TO HURRY OUT TO THE RANCH—DRAW MY PAY--AND RIDE ON! IT'S JUST THE SAME AS IT'S ALWAYS BEEN... BECAUSE I CAN'T FIGHT!



AT THE PITCHFORK BUNKHOUSE, SOME HOURS LATER...

JUST AS WELL YOU QUIT, O'HARA  
SAVED ME THE TROUBLE OF FIRING YEH! I DON'T PAY A  
HAND THAT WON'T FIGHT FOR HIS RANCH!



SOUTHWARD FROM THE PITCHFORK, ACROSS THE SANTA FE CUTOFF RIDES YOUNG BUCKY, AND AS HE RIDES, HIS MIND SEETHS IN HELPLESS FURY.

RECKON I AIN'T FITTEN TO CALL MYSELF A MAN! I'M JEST A SPINELESS JELLYFISH...



IN THE PANHANDLE COUNTRY OF NORTHERN TEXAS, HE GETS ANOTHER JOB WRANGLIN' WILD BRONCS...

BUT EVERY TIME COWBOYS RODE TO TOWN, THEY FOUGHT — IT WAS A WAY OF LETTING OFF HIGH SPIRITS —

NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT ME HERE  
RECKON I'M SAFE — FOR A LITTLE WHILE...



HEY, BUCKY! COME A'RUNNIN'! WE'RE TANGLING WITH FIVE BOYS FROM THE TRIANGLE IRON!



THE SAME OLD PATTERN! NEW JOB! NEW FIGHT! AND SINCE I CAN'T FIGHT — I GOT TO START RUNNING ALL OVER AGAIN!



ON A RANCH SOME MILES NORTH OF SANTA FE, BUCKY FINDS NEW SECURITY, UNTIL THE NIGHT THAT BIG LOM BENNETT, THE RANCH BULLY, DECIDES TO HAVE SOME FUN...

YUH WANT THAT FANCY WARBAG, BUCKY?  
GO GET IT!

HE'S LOOKIN' FOR A FIGHT — AND I CAN'T GIVE HIM ONE!

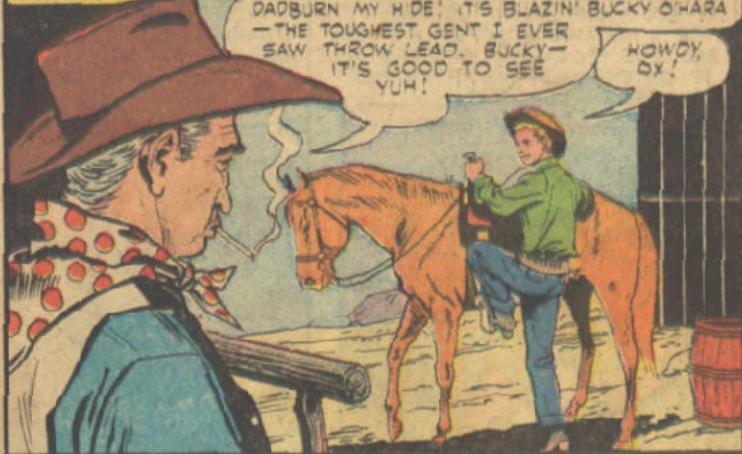


# TIM HOLT

WITH A SICKLY SMILE ON HIS LIPS, BUCKY WALKS MEKKY OUT AND RETRIEVES HIS WARBAG — AND HIS FELLOW RIDERS TURN AWAY FROM HIM, IN SHAME FOR HIS COWARDICE...



TOWARD LATE SPRING, BUCKY O'HARA WALKS HIS PAINT PONY INTO BULLET...



IT'S A CINCH DEAL, BOY! YOU AN' ME USED TO BE RUSTLERS IN THE MEDICINE BOW COUNTRY — BUT THIS SETUP HERE HAS EVEN THAT LICKED!

WE CAN'T MISS! WE'LL GET RICH!

COUNT ME OUT, OX. I'VE REFORMED!

AFTER AN HOUR OF ARGUMENT, OX BOOLEY SLIPS FROM THE LITTLE SALOON...

SO YUH WON'T COME IN WITH ME, HUH? GOOD ENOUGH! THEN WHEN THE SHERIFF COMES SNOOPIN' AROUND AFTER I'VE PULLED MY JOB — YOU'LL GT BLAMED FER IT, MR. REFORMED!



SOME NIGHTS LATER, OX AND HIS HARDCASE CREW STRIKE THE GRAZING HERDS OF THE SLASH BOX RANCH AT THE BASE OF THE BLUE RIDGE FOOTHILLS...



AS THE HOOFBEATS OF THE RUSTLERS HORSES FADE INTO THE DISTANCE, ONLY A FANCY, BEAD-DESIGNED WARBAG REMAINS TO CATCH THE EYE OF ANY WHO MIGHT BE SEARCHING FOR CLUES.



# TIM HOLT

NEXT DAY, AS DAWN GLOWS INTO MORNING—

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BUCKY O'HARA! THIS IS HIS WAR-BAG. I'VE SEEN IT OFTEN ENOUGH!

YOU RECKON WE OUGHT TO PUT A POSSE INTO THE HILLS AFTER HIM?

NO, SHERIFF! LET ME HANDLE THIS AS YOUR DEPUTY, BUT IN A WAY I SEE FIT. BUCKY O'HARA USED TO BE AN OUTLAW, BUT HE MADE ME A PROMISE, ABOUT A YEAR AGO...

AT HIGH NOON, IN A LITTLE EATING PLACE OFF BULLET'S MAIN STREET—

THAT YOURS, BUCKY? HUH? WHY, SURE IT'S MINE! SOME LOWLIFE THIEF STOLE IT AND—



# TIM HOLT

I KEPT THAT PROMISE, TIM—THOUGH THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I WAS PLUMB TEMPTED! AND FOR DOING THAT—OX BOOLEY TRIES TO IMPLICATE ME IN HIS LITTLE RUSTLING STUNT!



I'M RELEASING YOU NOW FROM THAT PROMISE, BUCKY. YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF A STEADY MAN. YOU'RE MY DEPUTY—AND WE'RE RIDING OUT TO BRING IN OX BOOLEY!



HOURS LATER, AS THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN ACROSS THE PEAKS OF THE RIPSAW RANGE...

I'VE RIDDEN WITH OX BEFORE ON HIS RUSTLING JAUNTS. HE ALWAYS HITS FOR THE LAVA FLOWS, SO THE HERD WON'T MAKE TRACKS!

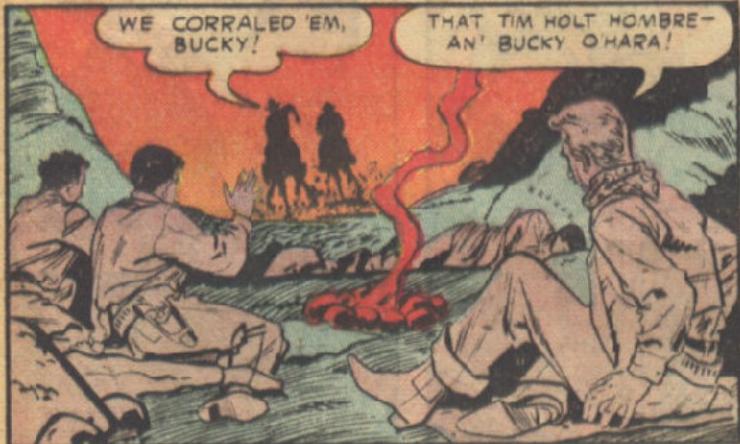
THEN HELL BE HEADING FOR THE FLOWS WEST OF RED BUTTES: LET'S GO!



ALL NIGHT THE TWO DEPUTIES RIDE! AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, AT THE BASE OF THE RED BUTTES...

WE CORRALLED 'EM, BUCKY!

THAT TIM HOLT HOMBRE—AN' BUCKY O'HARA!



I'M TAKING YOU ALIVE, BOOLEY! DROP THAT SIX!

OWW!



LIKE A CATAMOUNT, TIM LEAPS FROM HIS SADDLE...



RIGHT BEHIND HIM—

A FIGHT! YAHOO!  
I'VE BEEN LOOKING  
FOR THIS FOR A REAL LONG  
TIME! WAHOO!



## TIM HOLT

FOR A YEAR, BUCKY O'HARA HAS HELD HIMSELF IN CHECK! BUT NOW HE IS FREE TO LET GO—AND HE DOES!

THERE'S FOR THAT  
PITCHFORK FIGHT I  
MISSSED OUT ON!

THIS IS FOR  
WHAT I OWE  
BIG LOM BENNETT!

AND THIS IS  
FOR YOU  
HOMBRE!



ON YOUR WAY,  
YOU OVERGROWN  
SPALPEEN!

AW WPPFFF!

AND AS BUCKY GOES "ON THE PROD,"  
TIM IS FINISHING OFF OX BOOLEY  
WITH A RIB-CRACKING ONE-TWO  
PUNCH...



WELL, BUCKY?  
WAS IT WORTH  
THE WAIT?

MAN, I'LL SAY  
IT WAS! I NEVER  
ENJOYED A FIGHT  
MORE!

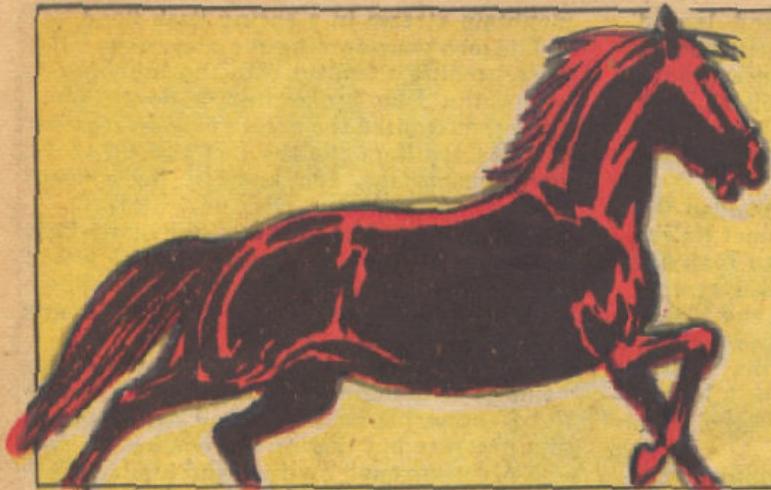


YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF,  
BUCKY. I HAVE A JOB WAITING  
FOR YOU AT MY RANCH, ANY  
TIME YOU WANT IT!

I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT,  
TIM—AFTER I HAVE MYSELF  
A VACATION! I'M FIXING TO  
RIDE BACK AND THROW A FEW  
PUNCHES—AT BIG LOM BENNETT  
AND AT SOME TRIANGLE IRON  
AND FLYING M BOYS!

THEN—I'M  
YORE MAN!





# THE WILD STALLION

THE great roan stallion threw his head high into the wind and sent a whinny trumpeting out across the waving bunch grass of the prairie. There was danger in this wind that blew down off the sharp red sandstone peaks of the Cordillera Rim, for the wind carried the smell of — man!

Man to the big roan stallion, Ka'aba, meant death, or what was even worse to his kind, capture and imprisonment behind the wooden fences that men called a corral. Ka'aba had seen other horses caught. He had seen them caught and roped and thrown, to be led away to the corrals where a leather contraption was fastened on them tightly. And then one of these men fastened himself to the horse's back, and quitted and spurred him to frenzied bucking and jumping.

Only rarely did one of the horses win such a contest. And when he won, he was not turned free, a victor. He was put aside for the next day and the next, until one of the hated man-things succeeded in breaking his spirit. That much Ka'aba had seen from the fringes of the wild Arizona range where he ran free.

Many times had a man-thing chased him. Many times had he heard the barking thunder of the little guns they carried, and had seen the swirling loop of a rope aimed for his thickly maned neck that was arched so stiffly now, as he sniffed the breezes.

Ka'aba snorted, and tossed his head until the thick red mane leaped and danced. There was no doubt of it! A man—many men!—were coming up from the bottom lands toward the grassy plain where he browsed.

The big roan stallion ran easily, letting his mane and his long tail shake free. In the distance, he could hear the faint tattoo of the cowboys' horses as their hooves thudded into the ground. Ka'aba almost laughed. If those tame things with the leather saddles on their

backs wanted a run, he'd run them—until they fell to the ground with exhaustion!

Far ahead of him, Ka'aba sighted a small group of mares and colts clustered about an old white stallion. They were all poised, looking his way. Ka'aba sent his nicker shrilling out across the grasslands, to warn them. When the white stallion pawed at the ground and trumpeted a challenging reply, Ka'aba veered through the mesquite clumps and came toward him at full gallop.

This was no time to fight another stallion over the ownership of a few mares and colts! Man was coming—man, the enemy of all wild things, man who came with his leather contraptions and broke the spirit of wild animals so they could be made to serve him!

It mattered nothing to Ka'aba that in serving man, horses found a degree of happiness. There were jumps of sugar served on a palm, and rubdowns after hot, hard runs—but there was no romping and rolling in the sweet-scented grama grass, no sniffing the winds of the world high on a mesa rim, no galloping all day long without rope or bridle or saddle!

Ka'aba whickered a warning to the white stallion. He did not want to fight, not with those men racing far behind him, coming steadily after him. A young mare threw up her head and stared at him, the wind blowing fitfully through the silver mane that curled over her slim neck. She nickered a greeting, and the white stallion reared high, pawing the air and bellowing his rage at this young newcomer.

The white stallion came for him like an arrow from the bow. Ka'aba sidestepped the wicked white teeth that flashed at his flank. He thrust forward with his own teeth and drew blood, then danced back, as if to give the white stallion a chance to quit while the quitting was good.

## TIM HOLT

But the old horse screamed and leaped for him. They met, rearing high, their hooves flashing in the sunlight. Ka'aba missed with his first blows, and twisted sidewise with young agility. The white stallion was a little slower, and took a slashing raking from Ka'aba's teeth.

The second wound seemed to madden the big white horse. He reared up and met Ka'aba again—but this time the young red roan did not miss. His sharp hooves slashed against the white stallion's face; cut him and bled him, and drove him to his knees.

Again Ka'aba reared! Again his hooves slashed down, ripping and tearing! It was the law of the wild, the law of claw and fang, the law of kill—or be killed!

The white stallion took the punishment until his face was a red smear. Then he screamed once and ran with the wind, leaving the mares and the colts to Ka'aba.

The roan stallion did not want young mares and frisky colts to slow down his pace. He wanted to be free to race as he had always raced, leading the men who chased him to some box canyon or draw, and shaking them off in the dust that leaped from his flashing hooves.

And now he found himself saddled with a small band of mares and colts! He vented his displeasure by a snort.

The young mare with the silver mane trotted toward him. Ka'aba watched her come with suspicion in his eyes. She was a lovely thing, graceful and fleet as the wind that touched his mane, but she was a mare, and a mare only slowed him down on a long run. The mare touched his cheek with a velvety nose, and Ka'aba flung his head high.

It was almost as if she had said, "Now we belong to you. Men are coming. It's your job to get us out of here!"

He nickered softly, and the mare began to run, leading the other mares a fast pace. She went high into the first rises of the Rim lands, where the dwarf juniper and scrub cedar grew. Here the loneliness of the hills brooded out across a windswept grassland that was dotted with sagebrush and sotol.

Ka'aba followed, making sure that the ungainly young colts kept close to their mothers' heels. He was grateful that even the youngest of them was some months old, for the newborn colts always fell behind on a run like this, fell behind to die without their mothers, for the greater safety of all prevented any from staying behind to tend for them.

Ka'aba lifted his fine red head and sent his call trumpeting out across the hogback ridges and grassy benchlands. In the far distance, the men were coming. They were as relentless as sunlight, as inexorable as a

mountain stream in a spring flash flood.

The men were forcing the play, now. They were herding them up into the high peaks, where the Rim broke into a dozen small cliffs that fronted the great stone escarpment of the Cordillera. Ka'aba had run up there, many moons ago, and knew it for a death trap.

Once the men had the herd high up in those sandstone barriers, the plaited lariats would fly, and mares and colts would go down kicking, to be brought into the corrals, and saddled and broken.

The blood chilled to ice in the red roan's veins as he thought of that! To have a saddle flung across his back that had never known any pressure but that of the wind as he ran!

Ka'aba screamed his fury and his rage into the canyons and the draws, and the silver-maned mare heard the note of fear in it, and increased her pace.

Now the mares were moving slowly, lifting along the narrow ledges to the mesa top. They went with nostrils flaring in panic, for the men were shooting from far away, and the high scream of their bullets as they ricochetted off sandstone outcroppings were like hard whips applied to the mares' backs.

The men were coming swiftly, lifting upward into the high ridges. Lariats coiled in their hands, and the scent of their clothing and the smoke of their cigarettes made a pungent scent that terrified the mares. Back and forth on the broken, flat rock of the mesa they ran, seeking a trail that was not there.

Only Ka'aba stood with head upflung, rigid, as the man-things surrounded the herd. Beyond him, across a deep chasm, was the tableland of the Cordilleras. If he could jump that — !

The silver-maned mare rubbed her shoulder to his. Ka'aba turned his head as if to ask a question. The mare nickered softly.

Ka'aba danced restlessly. His hooves struck sparks as they struck the stone of the mesatop. And then he was away, leaping with a surge of power that was frightening to see! He ran as runs the arrow from the bow, or the bullet from the gun.

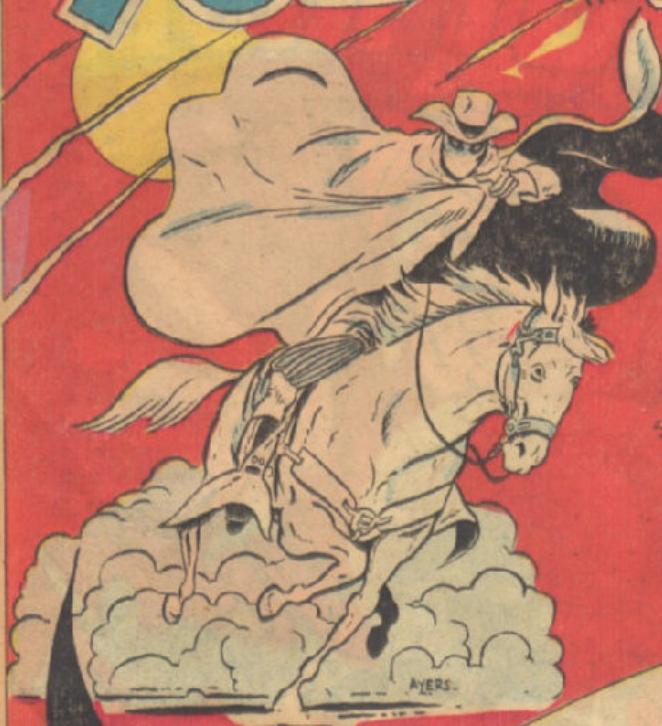
One moment he was touching ground, and the next there was empty space beneath his hooves. He leaped, and hung in midair, as if suspended, for a long moment. And then he was on the other side, on the Cordillera tableland, screaming his trumpet-call!

The mare nickered, and began her run. She made her leap. Her hooves scratched at the very edge of the rim for an instant, and then the momentum of her leap carried her on, to safety.

Side by side, Ka'aba and his mare ran on, to freedom.

THE END

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# THE GHOST RIDER

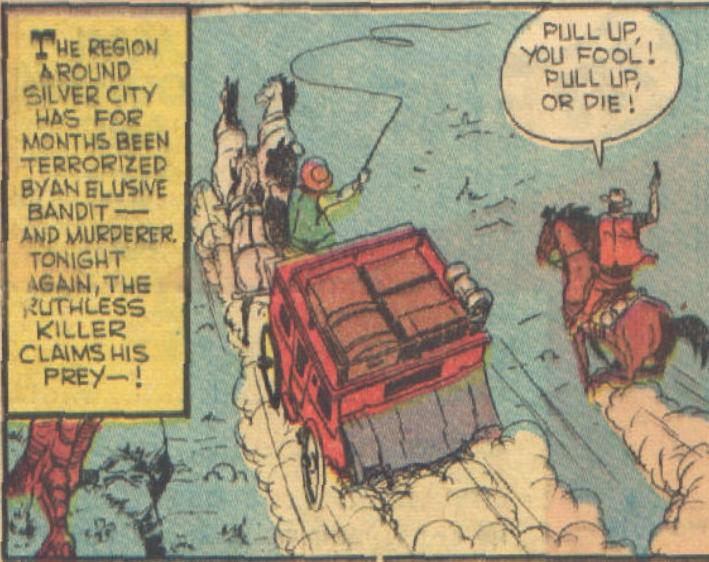
JUST OUTSIDE SILVER CITY STANDS "THE CASTLE"— HUGE, RAMBLING, GLOOMY, AND FORBIDDING— BUILT LONG AGO BY A MINER WHOSE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED WEALTH HAD DRIVEN HIM MAD. MANY ARE THE LEGENDS TOLD OF FABULOUS ROOMS AND SECRET PANELS IN THE ODDLY MEDIEVAL OLD HOUSE, AND OF THE MYSTERIOUS TENANTS IT HAD HARBORED THROUGH THE YEARS...

THIS IS THE STRANGE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE GHOST RIDER KEPT A RENDEZVOUS THERE WITH "THE

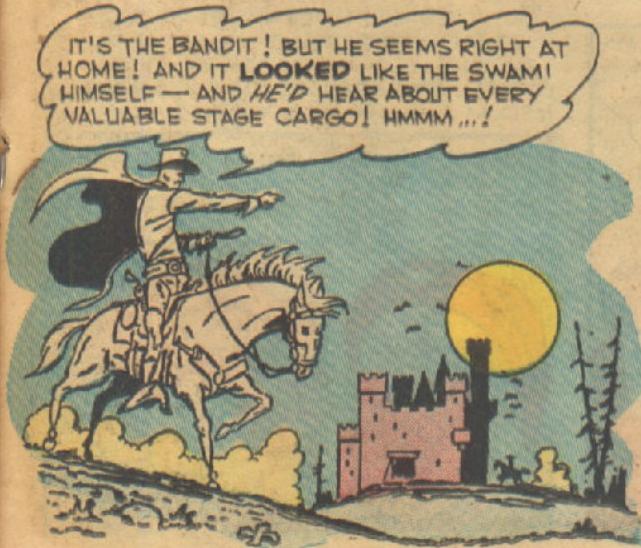
MURDERING MEDIUM!"

DICK  
AYERS.

THE REGION AROUND SILVER CITY HAS FOR MONTHS BEEN TERRORIZED BY AN ELUSIVE BANDIT — AND MURDERER. TONIGHT AGAIN, THE RUTHLESS KILLER CLAIMS HIS PREY—!



# TIM HOLT.

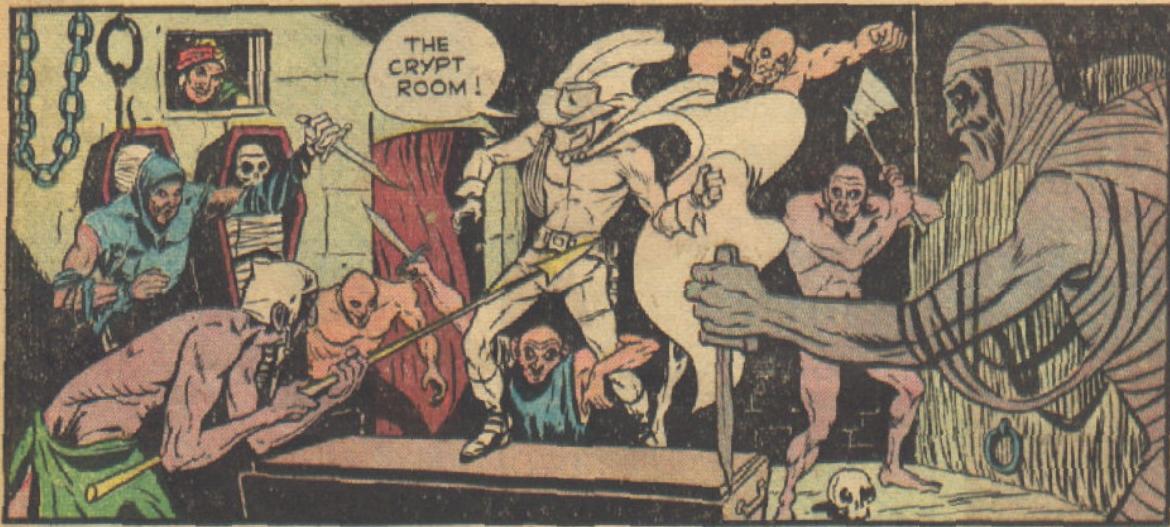
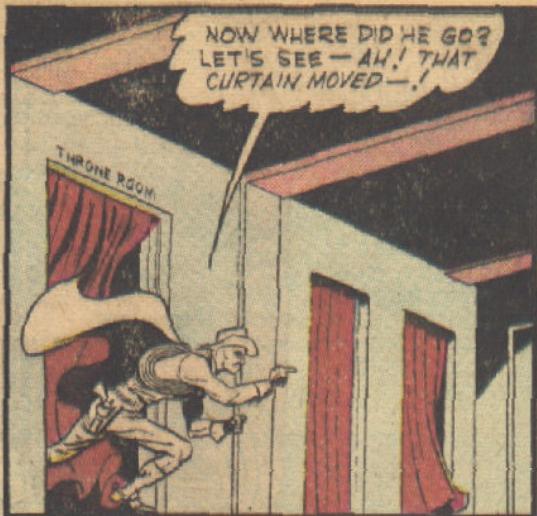


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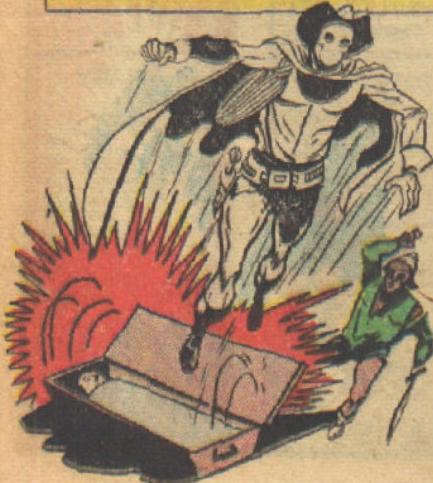


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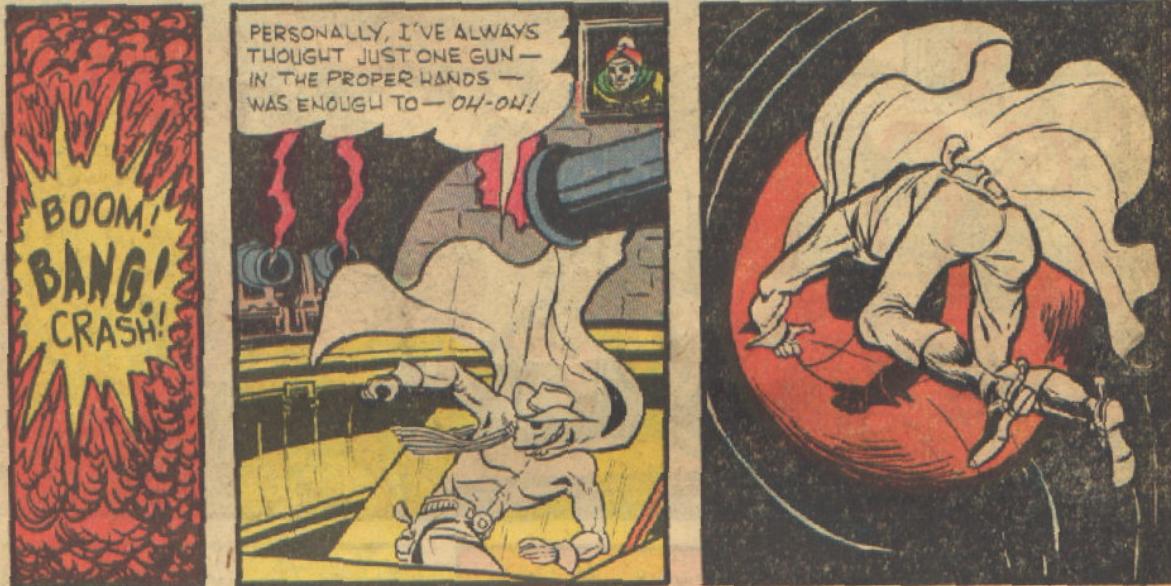
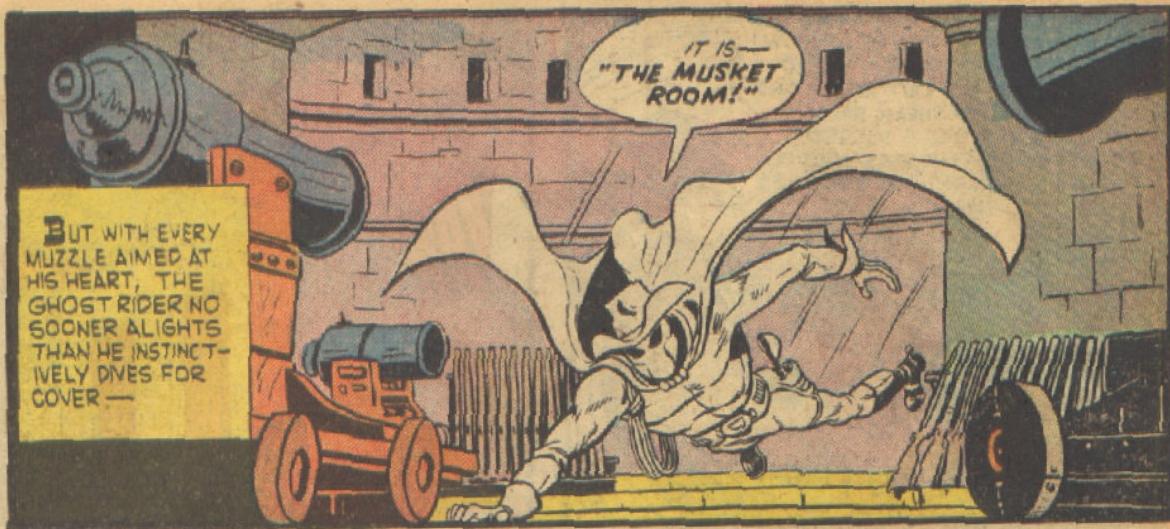
**FALSE HANDS - THEY'RE HOLLOW!**  
WHEN HIS CLIENTS WERE IN A MILD  
TRANCE, HE'D SLIP OUT TO ROB AND  
KILL — AND THEN SNEAK BACK  
WITHOUT EVER BEING MISSED!  
HE EVEN HAD WITNESSES WHO'D  
"HELP HIS HANDS" ALL EVENING!



**H**E GHOST RIDER, DODGING A DEADLY SPRING-PROPELLED LUNGE BY ONE OF THE GRUESSOME CREATURES, FALLS UPON A COFFIN LID, WHICH SNAPS UP SO POWERFULLY THAT —



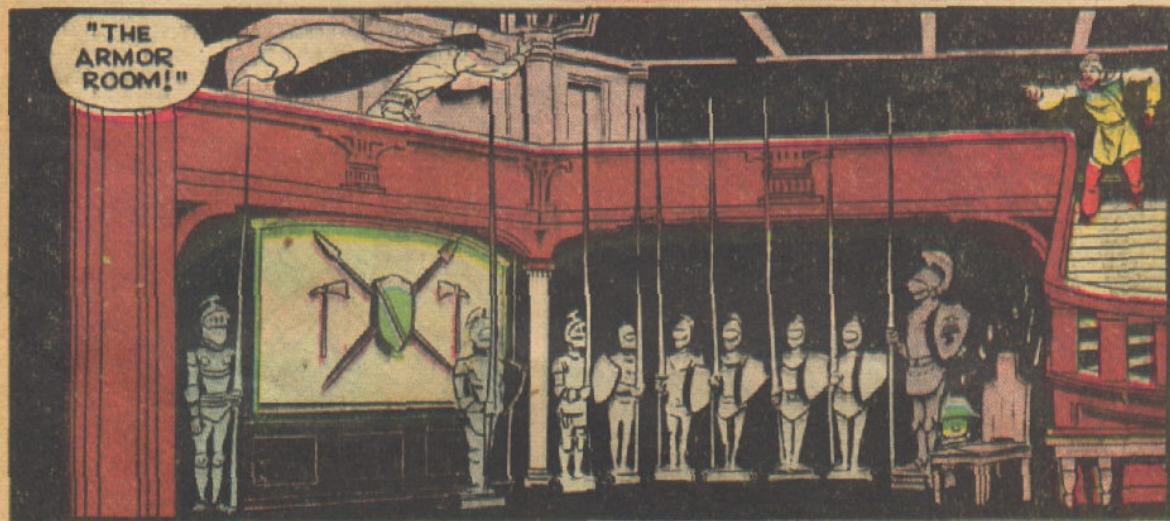
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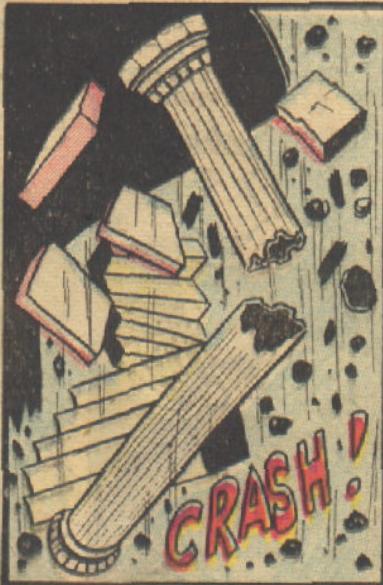
# TIM HOLT



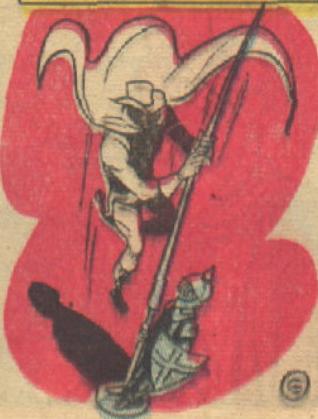
NOT REALIZING THAT THE GHOST RIDER ESCAPED SIMPLY BY SWIFT ROPE-CLIMBING, GABBINO IS NOW SURE THAT HE HAS TO DO WITH A REAL SPIRIT —



GABBINO PRESSES A SECRET SPRING IN THE WALL AND PAUSES IN HIS MAD FLIGHT TO WATCH AS—



BUT, QUICK AS A FLASH, EVEN AS THE BALCONY BEGINS TO SINK UNDER HIM, THE GHOST RIDER SPRINGS FOR ONE OF THE PROJECTING LANCES AND RIDES EASILY DOWN!



# TIM HOLT

AND NOW, WITH NO MORE TRICKS TO CALL UPON, GABBINO YIELDS TO SHEER TERROR AS THE CHASE IN ITS FINAL STAGES MOVES UP, UP — TO THE VERY TOPMOST TURRET !



GABBINO, FEAR-CRAZED, STEPS BACKWARD TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GHOST RIDER AND PLUMMETS INTO SPACE ...



PLEASE — I'LL DO ANYTHING— JUST DON'T HURT ME — PLEASE — PLEASE —!



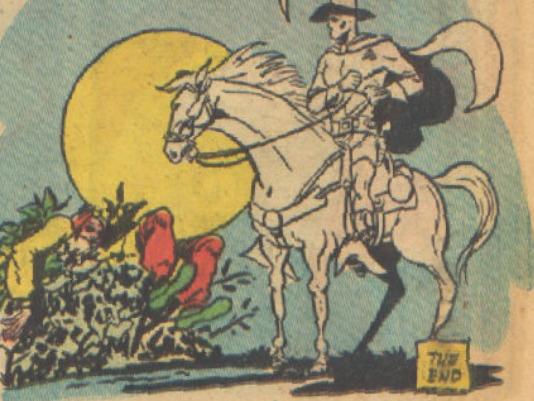
BUT... THE DOC HERE SAYS HE'S DEAD ! SEEMS CRAZY... IF TH' FALL DIDN'T KILL HIM — WHUT DID ?

FEAR — NOTHING ELSE ! HE MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD BEFORE HE EVER STRUCK THE BUSH !

WAS ANYONE ELSE HURT ?



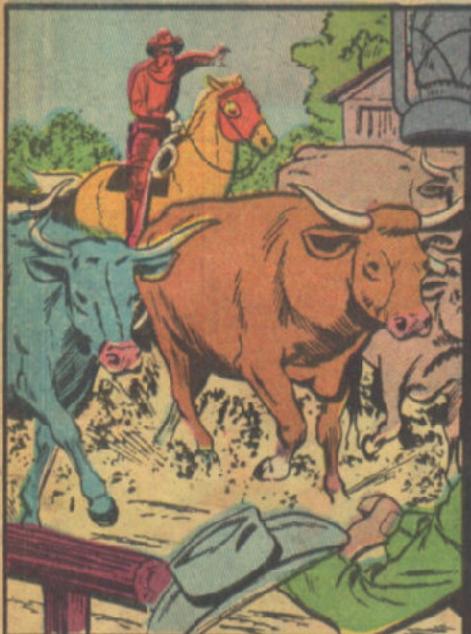
YES ... FEAR ! HE TRIED ALL HIS TRICKS — BUT NONE WORKED ! AND SO THIS CHARLATAN, THIS FAKE — CONVINCED THAT AT LAST HE WAS CONTENDING WITH A REAL SPIRIT, WAS SIMPLY... SCARED TO DEATH !



# TIM HOLT

WHEN FIRE SWEEPS THE MAIN STREET IN BULLET— WHEN PRETTY ACTRESSES FACE DEATH BY HOT LEAD AND HARDENED KILLERS MOCK THE LAW— THEN REDMASK STAGES HIS OWN PERFORMANCE TO HUNT DOWN THE DESPERADOES AND KILLERS WHO ACT SO VICIOUSLY IN—

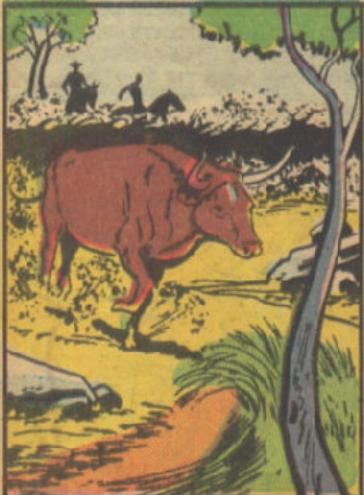
**"TERROR'S THEATRE"**



FRANK ROLLE

OLD MOSSYHORN IS THE LEAD STEER ON TIM HOLT'S T-BAR-H RANCH. HE IS LORD OF THE RANGE AND PROUD OF HIS TITLE.

AND WHEN THE GOLD AND BLACK STAGE FROM CACTUS VALLEY SWINGS ALONG A WORN TRAIL OVER THE T-BAR-H GRAZELAND OLD MOSSYHORN ERUPTS WITH FURY...!



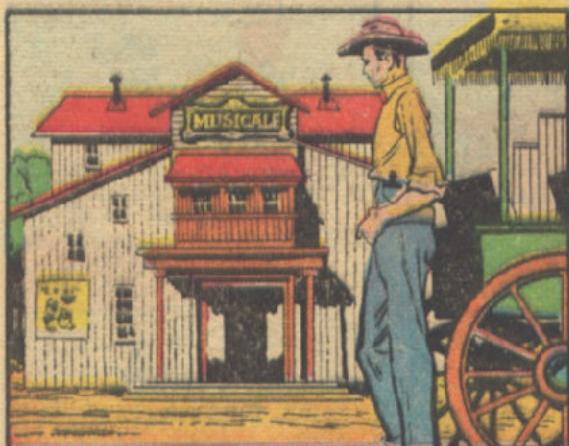
CHITO! OLD MOSSYHORN CAN'T CATCH THAT STAGE!  
HO! I AM FOR MAKING SURE, TIM!



# TIM HOLT



JUST AS TOMBSTONE HAS ITS BIRD CAGE OPERA HOUSE, AND SAN ANTONIO ITS VAUDEVILLE VARIETY HOUSE AND TURNER HALL, SO BULLET HAS ITS OWN THEATRE — THE MUSICALE — BUILT BY CONTRIBUTIONS FROM TOWNSPEOPLE AND RANCHERS...



ONE MAN DID NOT SHARE THE TOWN'S SATISFACTION OVER ITS NEW THEATRE — ACES MOONEY, OWNER OF THE SALOON, THE CRYSTAL PALACE...



# TIM HOLT



IN AN UPPER HALLWAY ACES RUNS HIS HAND ACROSS A STRIP OF ORNAMENTAL MOULDING, AND A SECTION OF THE WALL OPENS...



I HIDE YOU BOYS, WHO ARE WANTED BY THE LAW, IN THIS SECRET UPSTAIRS ROOM. NOW IT'S TIME YOU RETURNED THE FAVOR!

WHAT DO WE DO?



TAKE THIS MONEY AND SPEND IT TONIGHT AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW MUSICAL! GET LIQUORED UP... THEN START A FIGHT! BUST UP THE PLACE! AND IF YOU DECIDE TO BURN IT DOWN AFTER THAT, I WON'T CRY!



THAT NIGHT EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD FOR MILES AROUND RODE INTO BULLET FOR THE THEATRE OPENING...



THE PERFORMANCE IS WILDLY CHEERED...



NO ONE NOTICES THAT HERE AND THERE, HARDFACED MEN HAVE TAKEN THEIR POSITIONS, AND THAT SOME OF THEM ARE DRINKING HEAVILY AT THE BAR AT THE REAR OF THE THEATRE...



# TIM HOLT

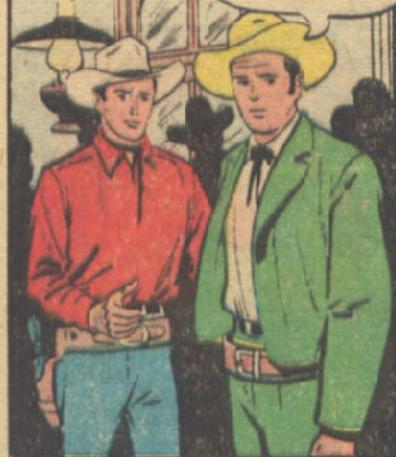
A THROWN CHAIR IS THE SIGNAL FOR A ROUGH-HOUSE FIGHT THAT SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE...



THESE MEN ARE KILLERS, CHITO! KILLERS AND OUTLAWS! I RECOGNIZE THEIR FACES FROM OLD REWARD DODGERS I'VE SEEN IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

THEY ARE FOR TO WRECK THE PLACE!

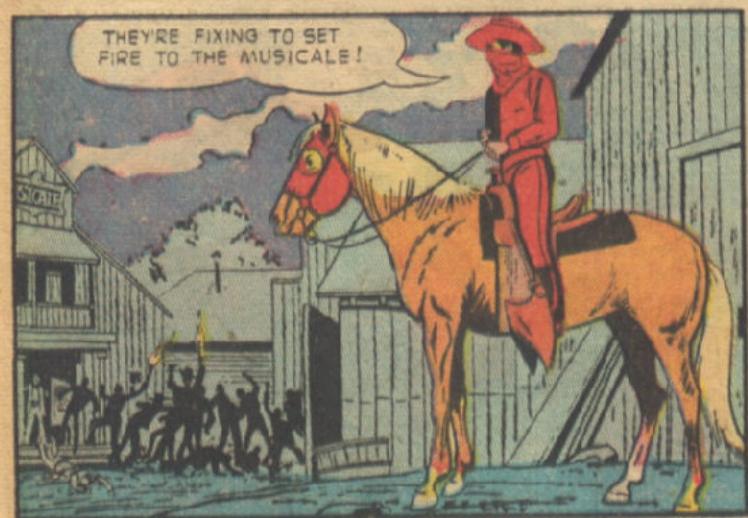
I WEEL PROTECTING THEE GORLS!



# TIM HOLT



MOMENTS LATER, THE CRIMSON-CLAD FORM OF REDMASK HURLES INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



# TIM HOLT

THE DRY WOOD CATCHES FIRE EASILY. FLAMES LEAP SKYWARD, CAUSING THE NIGHT TO GLOW REDLY...

ACES WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BUSINESS NOW!

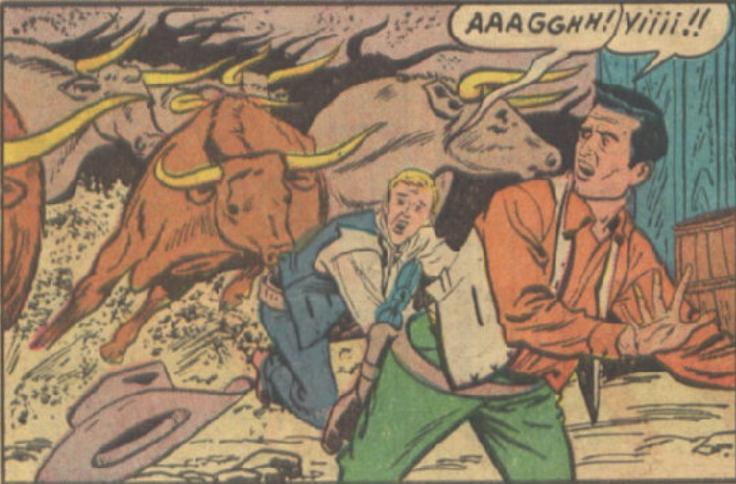
BY MORNING HE'LL HAVE THE ONLY SALOON IN TOWN! HAW! HAW!



HEY - LOOK!



WITH THE LEAD STEER OF THE T-BAR-H AT THE HEAD OF HIS HERD, REDMASK STAMPEDES HIS CATTLE FROM THE SHIPPING PENS AND THROUGH BULLET'S MAIN STREET...



MINUTES LATER IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BURNING MUSICALE...



# TIM HOLT

AN EXPERTLY THROWN LARIAT LOOPS OVER A CHIMNEY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AND SECONDS LATER, REDMASK MOVES UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING...



AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH OF THE SEEMINGLY EMPTY SALOON, REDMASK PAUSES BEFORE A SECTION OF THE WALL...



MOMENTS LATER...



LIGHTNING-LIKE GUNHANDS DROP AND LIFT —



Wheeee, Gang! Watch 'em

**ZOOM!** CLIMB, BANK,  
DIVE AND  
LOOP UP TO 200 FEET

MASTER MODEL DESIGNER

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North American F86

Boeing Stratojet

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